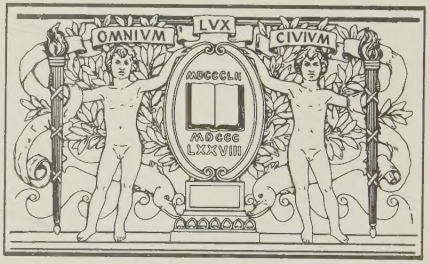
The Pointed People

By Rachel Lyman Field



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The Pointed People

Verses & Silhouettes By

Rachel Lyman Field

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For Mothers—
And One in Particular

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Thoughts & Feelings

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS are so queer, you never know
What they will be about.
You fish for them inside your mind,
And when you pull one out—
You may have caught a devil-fish,
Or a little shiny trout!

WHERE?

When winter nights are cold and black,
And the wind walks by
Like the battered and wild old tramp he is,
With a whistle and a sigh—
When the house is full of firelight
And shadows lean and fleet
That chase each other round and round
Till they all meet—
When father reads his paper,
And the others sew,
I sometimes feel inside myself
A little sad and low,
For then I hear their cracked, gay tunes,
And wonder where and how
All the hurdy-gurdy men
Are playing now.

FAMILIARITY

Those who live by the sea
Too familiar grow
With the changing ways of it,
And its magic ebb and flow.
Nothing they see or care to know
Save when will the tide be high or low.

Though green waves glitter
With white flung spray,
By their kitchen fires
They bend all day.
They turn their backs on the selfsame sea
That can make the heart leap up in me!

A FIRE

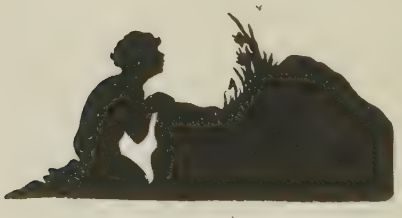
WHY does a fire eat big sticks of wood?
I shouldn't like to have that for my food.
But the flames all lick their lips—it must taste
good!

BLUE

THERE at the old wood's edge
I saw a bluebird fly.
And its wings beat bright against
The paler blue of sky;
They seemed to burn a way
Into the sky and me,
Till my heart stood still in a hush
Of ecstasy.
I watched that bluebird fly,
And knew with a queer dull pain
That nothing now can ever seem
So blue to me again!

IN SPRING

By every doorway lilacs lean,
Tufts of bloom in a mist of green.
The river goes blue and curving by
Under a bluer arch of sky.
There's a white cloud over the cherry tree
Like a little lost sail in a distant sea.
But never a thing that I can do
To show that the Spring is in me too!



HALF PAST EIGHT

Creaking stairs and bed for me—
For lucky ones somewhere
A curtain of light goes sliding up,
And Peter Pan is there.

Somewhere the other children see
Hook and his pirate band
Seeking the Lost Boys snugly hid
In the Never, Never Land.
Others will save poor Tinker Bell,
And I not there to help;
When Peter pipes from his tree-top house
He'll not pipe to myself!

If wishes did all they ought to do
Things would not be this way—
Those other children would go to bed,
And I would be at the play.

TO SEE-SAW

I SHALL never see you run
Through the orchard any more,
Or hear the scratching of your paws
In early morning at my door.
I shall never watch your tail
Saying you are glad of me,
Or know at meals your eyes are turned
Upon my plate reproachfully.
I shall never see you sleep
Like a ball curled in the sun,
Or feel your nose pressed in my hand,
Now all your dear dog days are done.

LONELINESS

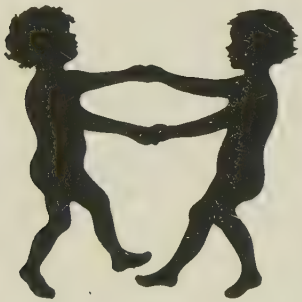
THE houses shine across the way,
The sea is blue as yesterday,
Ships that long at anchor lay
Have put out from Frenchman's Bay,
And all the tawny cliffs are gay
With tangled harebells, wet with spray.
But, oh, if it were yesterday,
And you had never gone away!

ALMOST

THERE are things you almost see
In the woods of evening—
Fairies as thick as fireflies,
Elves leaping in a ring.

There are things you almost hear
When no one passes by—
Stirring of seeds in good damp earth,
Stars marching through the sky.

Here & There & Nowhere



THE HILLS

Sometimes I think the hills
That loom across the harbor
Lie there like sleeping dragons,
Crouched one above another,
With trees for tufts of fur
Growing all up and down
The ridges and humps of their backs,
And orange cliffs for claws
Dipped in the sea below.
Sometimes a wisp of smoke
Rises out of the hollows,
As if in their dragon sleep
They dreamed of strange old battles.

What if the hills should stir
Some day and stretch themselves,
Shake off the clinging trees
And all the clustered houses?

ISLANDS

All the islands have run away
From the land which is their mother;
Out where the lighthouse guards the bay
They race with one another.

Rocky or wooded, humped and small,
Edged whitely round with spray,
What should we do if the islands all
Ran back to land some day?

How would the ships know where to steer?
Where would the sea-gulls fly?
How flat the sea would look, and queer,
How lonely under the sky!

A HOUSE I KNOW

Under the looming hills
Stands a house I know,
With its face turned to the sea.
About it fir trees grow,
And a little garden place
Where tangled color burns
And the air is bitter-sweet
With salt and flowers, by turns.
In that house I know,
Lamp and firelight blend
With the words that come and go
From friend to Island friend.

BURNING LEAVES

Whenever leaves are burning
And the blue and bitter smoke
Steals up from gardens and roadsides
On evenings in October,
Something in me stirs
And wants to go away.

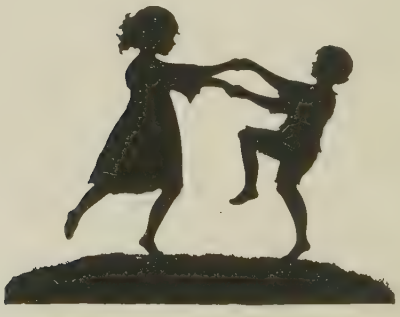
I may be setting the table,
Or baking a little cake
With edges brown and scalloped.
I may be under the covers
Of the tall four-poster bed
When that scent lays hold on me.

And I would be leaving the fireside,
The willow plates on the dresser,
The quilt with its crazy patches,
For almost any road,
Rain-black or brown and rutty;
For almost any village,
So long as it's not home.

DANCING

I CANNOT dance in a stuffy room
To the music of a ball;
Indoors where lights and people are
I cannot dance at all.

But out on the lawn of an afternoon
Jane takes my hand, and we
Dance gayer than all the poplar leaves,
Or ships on a windy sea.



MAY IN CAMBRIDGE

How could I learn philosophy
Or read great books of history,
When May came into Cambridge town,
Sending the petals drifting down
From tall horse-chestnut trees alight
With flower-candles, waxy white?

DOORBELLS

You never know with a doorbell
  Who may be ringing it—
It may be Great-Aunt Cynthia
  To spend the day and knit;
It may be a peddler with things to sell
  (I'll buy some when I'm older),
Or the grocer's boy with his apron on
  And a basket on his shoulder;
It may be the old umbrella-man
  Giving his queer, cracked call,
Or a lady dressed in rustly silk,
  With card-case and parasol.
Doorbells are like a magic game,
  Or the grab-bag at a fair—
You never know when you hear one ring
  Who may be waiting there!

THE LITTLE OLD WINDOW

This window is very old, they say;
Its little panes are queer.
You look through some, and things seem far
That really are quite near.
This one has dimples in the glass,
And the blurry pane I know
Is where a lady must have cried
At the window long ago.

PASTURE SONG

Oh, for the beat of changing tides;
  For sheep bells faintly clear;
For brooks that tinkle from stone to stone,
A thrush that calls in woods alone,
  Morning, evening, afternoon.
  Oh, for a sheep bell clear!

Oh, for sweet slopes of pasture grass;
  For a path that winds and winds;
For juniper and twisted trees
Against the shine of windy seas,
  Morning, evening, afternoon.
  Oh, for a path that winds!

A SUMMER MORNING

I saw dawn creep across the sky,
And all the gulls go flying by.
I saw the sea put on its dress
Of blue mid-summer loveliness,
And heard the trees begin to stir
Green arms of pine and juniper.
I heard the wind call out and say:
"Get up, my dear, it is to-day!"

THE SHADOWS

Over the slopes of Sargent Mountain
Gallop the shadows like horse and hound,
But never harness and never horn
Shatters the silence to broken sound.

A ghostly company they,
Galloping dark and fleet,
With never a bay from that plunging pack,
Nor a hoof's faint muffled beat.

OLD HOUSES

I THINK old houses are like Grandmothers,
With lilacs for their purple-ribbon bows,
Their upper windows square as spectacles;
And most of all a look—as if they watched
The road for someone, gone so long ago
That only they remember who it was
And why they wait there patiently all day.

EMAINE
RLF

ROADS

A ROAD might lead to anywhere—
To harbor towns and quays,
Or to a witch's pointed house
Hidden by bristly trees.
It might lead past the tailor's door,
Where he sews with needle and thread,
Or by Miss Pim the milliner's,
With her hats for every head.
It might be a road to a great, dark cave
With treasure and gold piled high,
Or a road with a mountain tied to its end,
Blue-humped against the sky.
Oh, a road might lead you anywhere—
To Mexico or Maine.
But then, it might just fool you, and—
Lead you back home again!

THE DANCING BEAR.

SLOWLY he turns himself round and round,
Lifting his paws with care,
Twisting his head in a sort of bow
To the people watching there.
His keeper, grinding a wheezy tune,
Jerks at the iron chain,
And the dusty, patient bear goes through
His solemn tricks again.
Only his eyes are still and fixed
In a wide, bewildered stare,
More like a child's lost in woods at night
Than the eyes of a big brown bear.

WHEN WE WENT GATHERING CAT-TAILS

When we went gathering cat-tails—
Roger and Tip and I—
Came gliding down the still blue air
A spangled butterfly.
Like burnished sails its wings were spread,
That tiny craft to steer,
And it moved to some secret thread of song
That only it could hear.

THE SAMPLER

A STRANGE, strange thing it is to know
My name was yours once long ago!
You answered to it as I do,
For then it just belonged to you.
You worked each letter neat and small
Into that sampler on my wall,
And as you sewed them patiently
Never once dreamed there would be me
To wear your name for mine some day
When sampler threads should turn to gray.

About Witches, Elves, & Pointed People

ELVES, GO FETCH YOUR LANTERNS

Elves, go fetch your lanterns:
Light up every pine cone
Where the woods are thickest,
Lest, when darkness falls
Black as any witch-cloak,
Baby birds should wake and cry
Fearful in the dark.

THE POINTED PEOPLE

I DON'T know who they are,
But when it's shadow time
In woods where the trees crowd close,
With bristly branches crossed,
From their secret hiding places
I have seen the Pointed People
Gliding through brush and bracken.
Maybe a peakèd cap
Pricking out through the leaves,
Or a tiny pointed ear
Up-cocked, all brown and furry,
From ferns and berry brambles,
Or a pointed hoof's sharp print
Deep in the tufted moss,
And once a pointed face
That peered between the cedars,
Blinking bright eyes at me
And shaking with silent laughter.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

Deep in the old pine woods
Where moss like a rug is spread,
Stands a house with crumbling walls
And a roof of rusty red.

Grass sprouts in every chink;
The eaves are filmed with green.
If I crossed the threshold worn,
I should nevermore be seen.

For who but a witch would live
Where woods press tree on tree?
So I scurry by that place
Lest a spell be laid on me.

IN THE JAPANESE GARDEN

SOMEONE is there, I know,
In the Japanese garden,
Where the sleepy idols sit,
Where the water tumbles green
Under leaf-hung boughs that lean
Wet from the spray of it.

Someone must be hiding there
On the jagged islands steep—
Someone I can almost see,
In the carved house peaked and gay;
One with a furtive, watchful way,
Under a twisted tree.

And when night comes down
To the Japanese garden,
And people have gone away,
Someone with a shy brown face
Creeps about from place to place,
His bamboo pipes to play.

Then I'll dream of being there
In the Japanese garden,
With the One-Whom-No-One-Sees,
With the orange fish that leap,
And the idols fast asleep,
By islands and twisted trees.

FAIRY BUTTONS

UNDERNEATH the moss
And the brown pine needles
Yellow mushrooms hide,
Tiny and round and bright—
Little gold buttons the elves
Wear on their short green jackets.
If I told the grown-up people
Where those mushrooms grow,
They would surely pick and eat them,
And when the elves came
There'd not be buttons enough
For all the jackets!

THE QUIET CHILD

By day it's a very good girl am I;
I sit by the fire and sew,
I darn the stockings and sweep the floors
And hang the pots in a row.
But, oh, by night when the candle's out
And my bedroom black as pitch,
I've just to crackle my thumbs to turn
Into a wild bad witch.

Nights of storm and nights of stars
Are all the same to me—
It's up on my broom and straddle the wind
As it whips my pigtails free.

Over the chimney pots to go,
Past the jumbled lights of towns,
With the hosts of good black trees beyond,
And dim sheep-sprinkled downs.

No one knows when morning comes
And I'm back in bed once more,
With tangled hair and eyes a-blink
From the sunshine on the floor—
No one knows of that witch who rode
In the windy dark and wild—
And I let them praise my sober ways,
And call me a quiet child!

Concerning Queens & Others

IN HOLYROOD

Fifty pipers Queen Mary had
With bonnet and kilt of Stuart plaid,
A gleaming dirk at each bare knee,
And the bagpipes swelling lustily—
Angus and Alan and Douglas, all
Piping her into the banquet hall,
In Holyrood, in Holyrood.

Sleet and mist in the Canongate,
Firelight warm on the robes of state
Where rose and lily and thistle twine,
Wrought for a lass of the royal line—
A lass too slight for that heavy train,
With a heart too gay for all the pain
In Holyrood, in Holyrood.

Then, as the pipes shrilled high and clear,
Stole on that young Queen's heart a fear.
Out of the shadows dim it came,
Too young a fear to have a name,
And she felt the breath on her bronze-brown hair
Of old, old ghosts who watched her there
In Holyrood, in Holyrood.

THE OLD SCOTCH BAGPIPER

Up the long gray streets,
In the whirling snow,
He pipes to the houses
Row on row.

Round the pipes his lips are pressed,
And he crooks his arm to make a nest
For the worn red bag that fills and plays
The skirling notes of vanished days,
And he sways like those dark and bending trees
That cling to cliffs by northern seas.

The passersby all smile to see
His ulster flapping crazily—
Not one of them is glad to hear
The tune that once gave kings good cheer,
That once bade kilted armies go
With clattering swords against the foe,
Or sounded that Queen Mary should
Put on her crown in Holyrood.

Up the long gray streets,
In the whirling snow,
He pipes to the houses
Row on row.

QUEEN KATHARINE OF ENGLAND

(After seeing "Henry VIII")

Oh, had I lived in England then,
Most tender and most tragic Queen,
I would have walked the London streets
And waited there till I had seen
You pass, in all the pageantry
Of Henry's court. When he put by
Your love for lighter laughter, I
Would have sought out your fallen throne,
The castle where you grieved alone.
There I had brought you flowers sweet
From hillsides warm, and at your feet
I'd crouch, that I might look into
Your eyes, grown gray and dark with tears
Shed for an alien land and King
Through long and wearying years.
Oh, then, if you had noticed me—
A child amidst your company,
I would have begged your leave to stay
There by your side, that I might say,
In after years, these eyes had seen
A crownless, but unconquered Queen.

GYPSIES

Last night the gypsies came—
Nobody knows from where.
Where they've gone to nobody knows,
And nobody seems to care!

Between the trees on the old swamp road
I saw them round their fire:
Tattered children and dogs that barked
As the flames leaped high and higher;
There were black-eyed girls in scarlet shawls,
Old folk wrinkled with years,
Men with handkerchiefs round their throats
And silver loops in their ears.
Ragged and red like maple leaves
When frost comes in the fall,
The gypsies stayed but a single night;
In the morning gone were all—
Never a shaggy gypsy dog,
Never a gypsy child;
Only a burnt-out gypsy fire
Where danced that band so wild.

All gone and away,
Who knows where?
Only the wind that sweeps
Maple branches bare.

THE TRAVELLER

DARK are Lucinda's eyes;
And when they grow
Blacker than pointed cypress trees
Against the blue of windy seas,
'Tis then I know
I must disturb her not, for she
Is many miles away from me,
'Neath unfamiliar skies.

Brooding her eyes and wide
With all they see,
And it is strange to watch and know
She's back a century or so
In a vanished Italy,
Or pagan Greece, or golden Rome,
Or anywhere except at home
And sitting at my side.

THE OLD POSTMAN

THERE's an old postman that I know.
Up and down I see him go,
But oh! so lagging move his feet
From house to house along the street.
His back is bent with a double stoop,
And his shoulders have a sagging droop.
Queer just letters could bend him so—
Small, light squares a breath can blow
With one quick puff so far and wide.
I think it must be things inside;
All the thoughts that letters tell:
Who are sick and who are well;
Who are merry, who forlorn;
People buried; babies born.
Letters sweet like songs of birds,
Letters full of wise long words,
Letters big and letters small—
Our old postman brings them all
In the bag upon his back
(Strange, I think, it doesn't crack!)
As up and down the streets he bears
Everybody's joys and cares.

THE SCISSORS-GRINDER

Over the road when Spring begins
And fields drop green to the bay,
Before you have seen him a long way off
You can hear him call and say:
"Knives to grind; Scissors to mend!
Bring out your knives to-day!"

Brown is his face as a last year's cone;
His eyes as blue as the sea;
And his body stoops with a listing cant
Like a windswept cedar tree.

Are there always children who watch for him
When winter is at an end—
For his bell and his cry and his slanting self
To turn some far road's bend?
Does he follow the Spring from place to place
With his "Knives and Scissors to mend"?

SOME PEOPLE

Isn't it strange some people make
  You feel so tired inside,
Your thoughts begin to shrivel up
  Like leaves all brown and dried!

But when you're with some other ones,
  It's stranger still to find
Your thoughts as thick as fireflies
  All shiny in your mind!

GREAT-UNCLE WILLIE

High on our dining-room wall,
Smiling and little and neat,
For years Great-Uncle Willie
Has watched us sit and eat.
Breakfast, dinner, supper,
Parties and afternoon tea—
I can't help thinking sometimes
How hungry he must be!
But he never looks reproachful,
Though cruel it must seem
To be a family portrait
On days when there's ice-cream!

If I Were a Tree

IF I WERE A TREE

If I were a little tree like you,
Instead of a child like me,
I would dig my roots in the good black earth
And toss my arms to the sea.
I would be twisted and small like you
For the winds to bend me low,
And drops of rain on my twigs would lie
Like silver beads in a row.
I would be like you as ever I could—
Green-spiked and needle-y,
If I were a little tree like you,
Instead of a child like me!

THE LITTLE ROSE TREE

EVERY rose on the little tree
Is making a different face at me!

Some look surprised when I pass by,
And others droop—but they are shy.

These two whose heads together press
Tell secrets I could never guess.

Some have their heads thrown back to sing,
And all the buds are listening.

I wonder if the gardener knows,
Or if he calls each just a rose?

FIR TREES

Little green, green fir trees,
Trooping down the headlands
Where the old sea tugs and seethes
At the farthest ledges—
Little bristling fir trees,
No one trims your branches;
Woodsmen with their axes sharp
Always pass you by.
Never shall you tower
Like your inland neighbors;
You the wind and sea have kept
Small as gypsy children,
Shaggy-haired and shy,
Crowding close together
Wrapt in cloaks of tattered green
Your sharp brown arms poke through—
Little sea-dwarfed fir trees,
Luckier than your fellows,
Young as waves and fairies are,
And every wise small star.

HAREBELLS

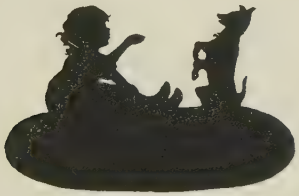
WHAT do harebells see
Out in the brown moor grass?
Every sort of secret thing—
Dappled leaf and shining wing,
Daisies like snow-mountain crests,
Little pools and hidden nests,
Bird shadows fleet that pass.

What do harebells hear
Through all the days?
Rustle of grass and tinkle of dew,
Grasshoppers fiddling the long noon through,

Clappings of little green leaf-hands,
And the tread of ants in sober bands;
The boom of the sea grown faint and small,
Drowned by a cricket's lone, gay call,
And the bees' dull drone of praise.

What do harebells feel
As hour by hour they grow?
Rocking of winds and sting of rain,
Sun-fingers reaching warm again,
The velvet kiss of a butterfly,
And a thousand things that you and I
Will never even know.

In Praise of Dust & Other Things



IN PRAISE OF DUST

Dust is such a pleasant thing—
A soft gray kind of covering
For furniture, whereon to draw
Letters and pictures by the score.
Why won't the grown-ups let dust stay,
Instead of brushing it away?

VENETIAN BEADS

My string of blue Venetian beads
On Sundays I may wear,
And it is good to suck each one
All through the long, long prayer.

They must be magic beads, because
I shut my eyes and soon
I seem to be in Venice, too,
Upon a blue lagoon,

With boats instead of trolley cars,
And bending gondoliers
To give strange cries by palace walls
All damply green with years;
Past sunny balconies I glide
Where lovely ladies sit,
Beneath a bridge that turns to black
The waters under it.

What should I ever do in church
Without Venetian beads
To take my mind away from all
Those texts the parson reads!

MY INSIDE-SELF

My Inside-Self and my Outside-Self
Are different as can be.
My Outside-Self wears gingham smocks,
And very round is she,
With freckles sprinkled on her nose,
And smoothly parted hair,
And clumsy feet that cannot dance
In heavy shoes and square.

But, oh, my little Inside-Self—
In gown of misty rose
She dances lighter than a leaf
On blithe and twinkling toes;
Her hair is blowing gold, and if
You chanced her face to see,
You would not think she could belong
To staid and sober me!

KITTY'S LAUGH

When Kitty laughs it's just the way
That ripples all begin
To spread around a little pool
When you've dropped pebbles in—
At first there's just a tiny ring
And then they come so fast,
Each one more crinkled on the edge
And rounder than the last.
But always, long before they reach
The time for getting through—
When Kitty laughs you somehow find
You're in the ripples too!

CURLY HAIR

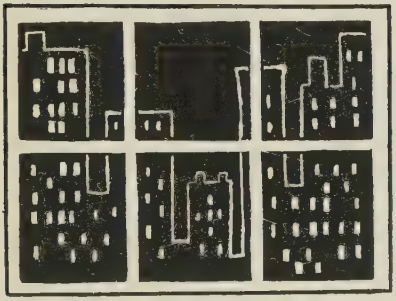
She must have curly thoughts, I know;
Yet she has never told me so.
But I can guess because her hair
Just crinkles crisply everywhere
About her head, and tries to hide
All the merry thoughts inside.
And though her lips will never tell,
Curls can't keep secrets very well!

RLF

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Purple horses with orange manes,
Elephants pink and blue,
Tigers and lions that never were seen
In circus parade or zoo!
Bring out your money and choose your steed,
And prance to delightsome sound.
What fun if the world would turn some day
Into a Merry-Go-Round!

In the City



SKYSCRAPERS

Do skyscrapers ever grow tired
Of holding themselves up high?
Do they ever shiver on frosty nights
With their tops against the sky?
Do they feel lonely sometimes
Because they have grown so tall?
Do they ever wish they could lie right down
And never get up at all?

CITY LIGHTS

Into the endless dark
The lights of the buildings shine,
Row upon twinkling row,
Line upon glistening line.
Up and up they mount
Till the tallest seems to be
The topmost taper set
On a towering Christmas tree.

THE RESTLESS BALLOON

Gay balloon,
Round and blue,
I should like
To fly with you.
Must you sail,
You pretty thing,
Where brave star fleets
Go voyaging?
Oh, don't tug so
At the string!

RAIN IN THE CITY

All the streets are a-shine with rain
The other side of my window pane.
Each motor car unrolls a track
Of red or green on the asphalt's black.
Beneath umbrellas people ply
Like giant toadstools stalking by.

Listening

WHISTLES

I NEVER even hear
The boats that pass by day;
By night they seem so near,
A-whistling down the bay,
That I can almost understand
The things their whistles say.

I've waked sometimes all warm
In my bed, when eerily
I have heard them out of the dark
A-whistling cheerily
To tell the sleepy folk on land
All's well at sea.

THE PIPER

I HAD a willow whistle,
I piped it on the hill.
The grass reached up, the sky bent down,
And all the world grew still.

Now up, now down the rounded holes,
My fingers fluttered light,
And little notes came trooping out
As thick as elves by night.

They turned themselves into a tune
More clear than drops of dew,
More sweet than almond trees, more soft
Than clouds the moon slips through.

Oh, good it was to be alone—
To pipe there on the hill,
With bending sky, and reaching grass,
And all the world grown still.

RAINY NIGHTS

ALWAYS on rainy nights
When my candle is blown out
And I am all alone,
I hear strange footsteps fall
Out in the dark and wet—
Footsteps that only come
With the rain, and go with it—
Noisily swashing by
Like the boots of buccaneers,
Or the tread of old sea captains
Tramping on salty decks
Of ships with figureheads,
So old the sea has forgotten
Their names and the ports they sailed from.
Sometimes in soft spring rains
The steps are light and hurried,
Pattering by like children
With little scuffling sounds,
Up and down in the dark
Long corridors of night.
Whose footsteps are they, and why
Do they come and go like that,
And what do they want in the rain?

WHEN YOU PLAYED

Over the black
Keys and the white
Your fingers crept
In the firelight,
And your voice stole out
Through the quiet room
Like a bird that calls
In the green-lit gloom
Of old, old woods
In spring.

THRUSHES

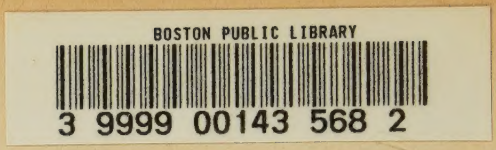
THE sweetest sound I ever heard
Was a thrush that sang to her baby bird
In the old fir woods that fringe the sea,
Where shadows creep from tree to tree.
Tangled the boughs those notes dropped through,
Falling like silver drops of dew
About me where I stood.

And sleepy as you or I might be,
That baby thrush sang haltingly;
Broken and sweet its small notes were
Faintly piping after her,
Like an echo spent with answering,
Or the ghost of a bird come back to sing
There in the old fir wood.

"LONDON BRIDGE"

"London Bridge is falling down,"
Down, down, down—
Out on the green the old game goes.
Bobbing heads and scuffling toes,
Little bodies, round and free,
Whirling, mingling dizzily,
Hands stretched out all warm and brown
To grasp, and reach again;
And always comes the old refrain—
"London Bridge is falling down,"
Down, down, down.

Oh, all you little boys and girls,
With twinkling feet and sun-warmed curls,
Who have not reached the grown-up town
Where all our bridges tumble down,
Down, down, down,
I would keep you always so,
Bobbing, whirling to and fro,
Playing in the sun,
And London Bridge the only one
Of all you build to tumble down,
Down, down, down.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